

DARE-
DEVIL

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STILL

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DAREDEVIL™

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

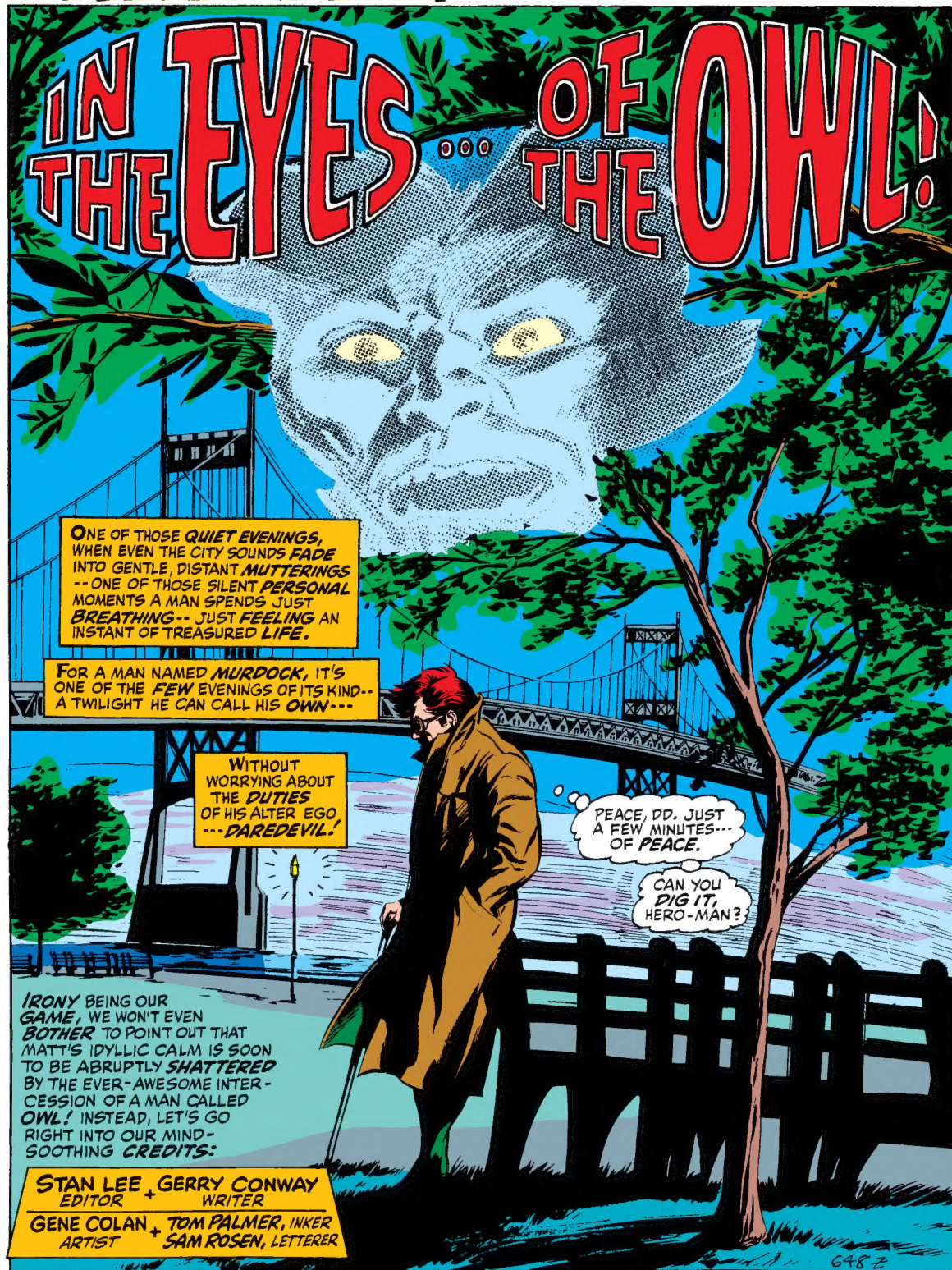
BACK BY
READER DEMAND!
THE OMINOUS
OWL!

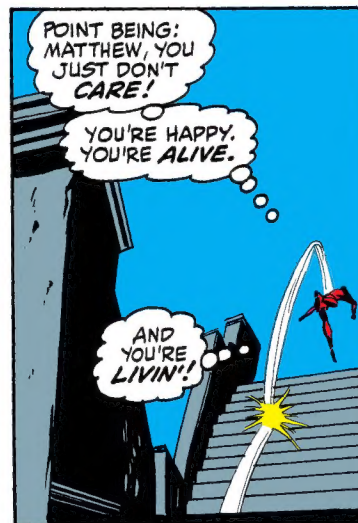
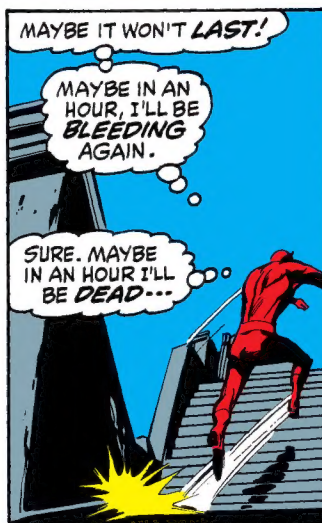
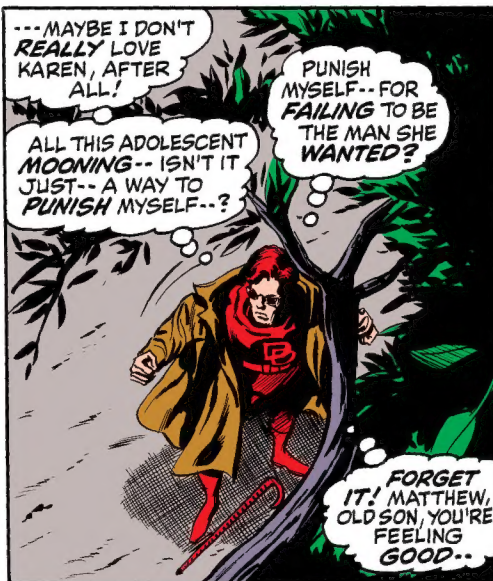


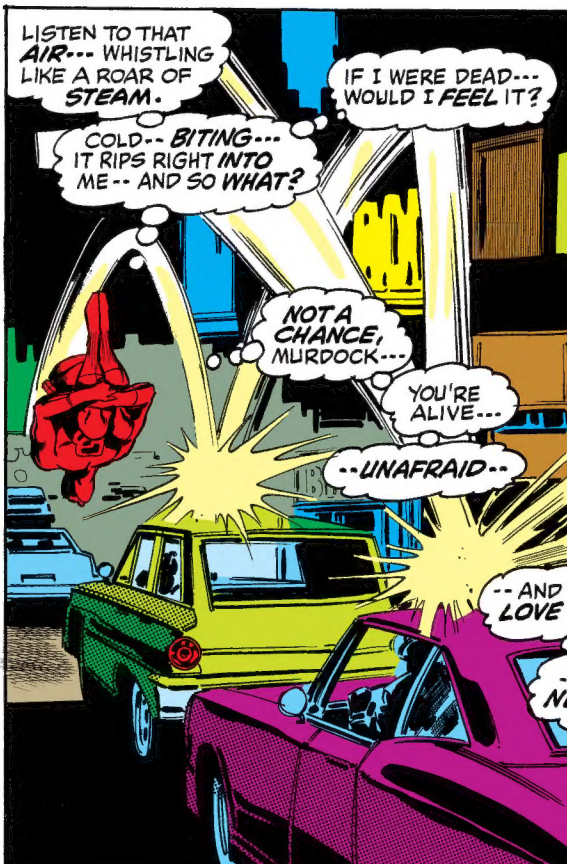
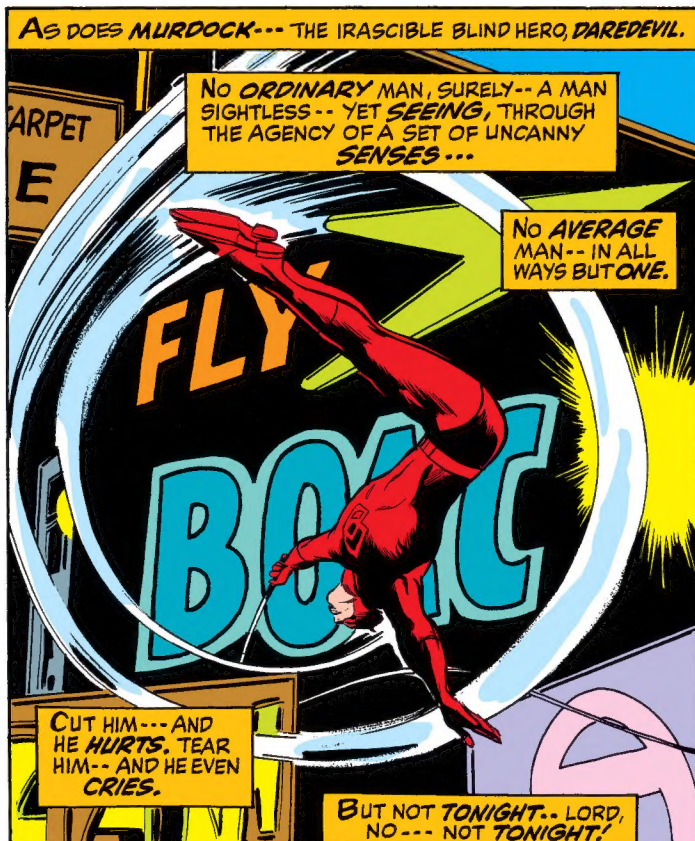
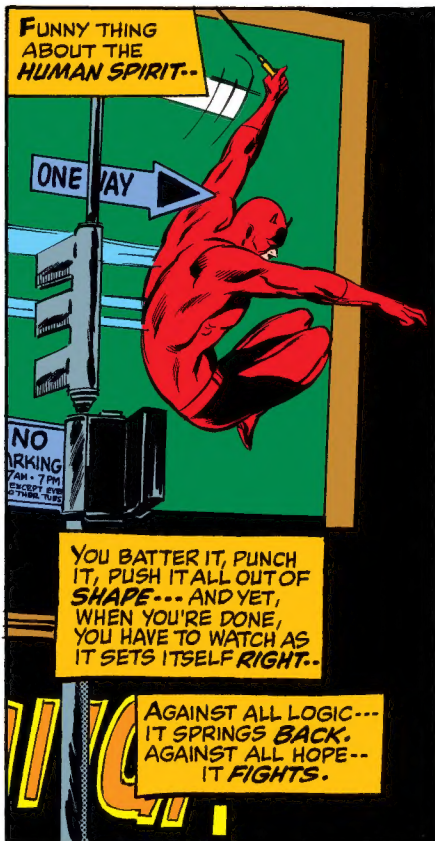
MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP



DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™







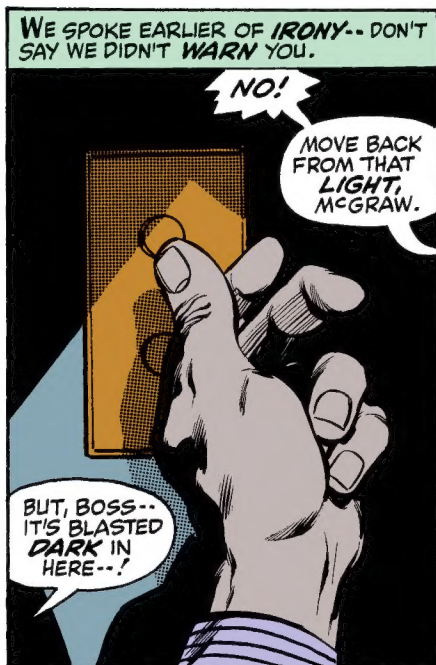


EASY, HERO. DON'T LOOK SLIGHTLY WEST. DON'T TURN THAT UNCLUTTERED HEAD---

BUT--EVEN IF YOU DID---



--- WOULD YOU UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF WHAT YOU SAW?

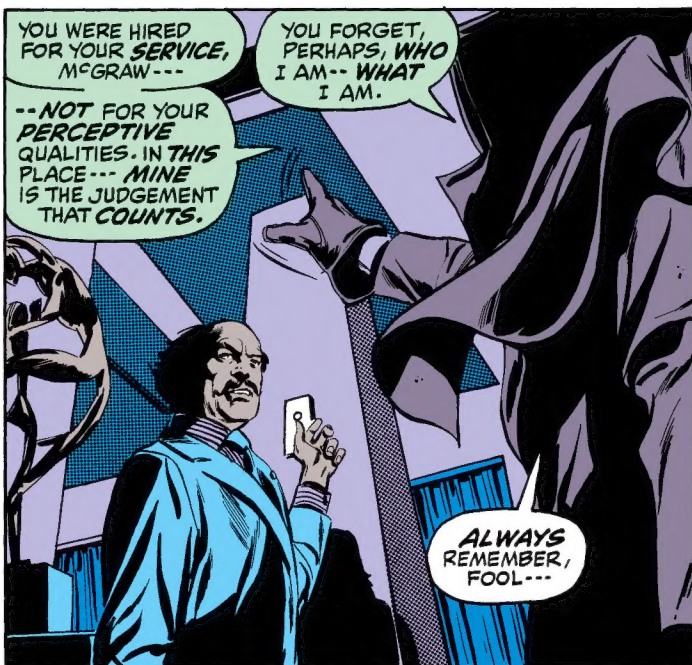


WE SPOKE EARLIER OF IRONY-- DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU.

NO!

MOVE BACK FROM THAT LIGHT, MCGRAW.

BUT, BOSS-- IT'S BLASTED DARK IN HERE--!



YOU WERE HIRED FOR YOUR SERVICE, MCGRAW---

YOU FORGET, PERHAPS, WHO I AM-- WHAT I AM.

--NOT FOR YOUR PERCEPTIVE QUALITIES. IN THIS PLACE--- MINE IS THE JUDGEMENT THAT COUNTS.

ALWAYS REMEMBER, FOOL---



-- I AM
THE
OWL!

WHATEVER
POWER MAY BE
MINE-- IS MINE
BECAUSE I KNOW
MY **STRENGTHS**
---AND MY **WEAK-**
NESSES!

ALWAYS, I DEAL
BENEATH THE CON-
CEALING CLOAK
OF **NIGHT--**

AND ALWAYS
-- THE **OWL**
WINS!

SINCE MY DAYS AS
A **WALL STREET**
FINANCIER--- TO
THOSE GLORIOUS
EYES WHEN I **SWOOPED**
BENEATH A **GOLDEN**
MOON---

I HAVE
ALWAYS JUDGED
MY **POWER--** AND
BEEN **RIGHT!**

THAT IS WHY
I CONTROL---
AND **YOU** OBEY.

WITHIN THE GLISTENING CONFINES
OF HIS NEW **EYRIE**, THERE ECHOES
THE VOICE OF THE MAN CALLED
OWL-- A SOFT VOICE, TINGED
WITH THE VIBRANT QUALITIES OF AN
IRON-MUSCLED **CHEST---** THE
VOICE OF A **STRONG** MAN-- THE
VOICE OF A **STRANGE** ONE---

THE VOICE-- OF
THE **OWL.**

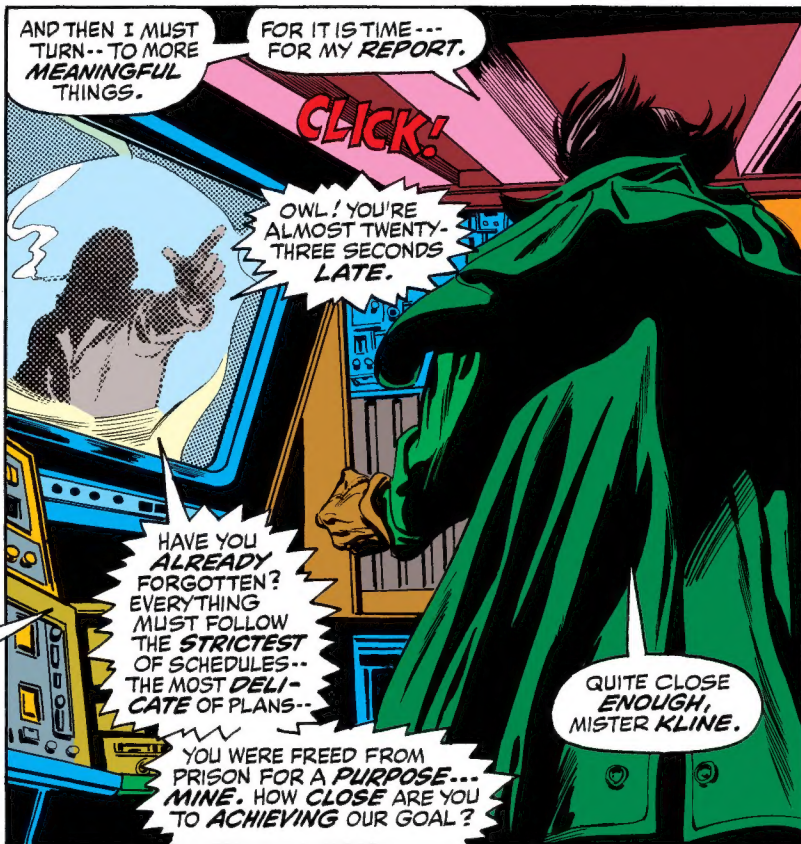


OKAY, BOSS--
OKAY. I
GET THE
IDEA.

SHEESH-- DO
YA HAVE TO
MAKE EVERY-
THIN' A
BLASTED
SPEECH?

ENOUGH.

I SUFFER YOUR
INANITIES FOR
ONLY A MOMENT,
FRIEND---



AND THEN I MUST
TURN-- TO MORE
MEANINGFUL
THINGS.

FOR IT IS TIME---
FOR MY REPORT.

CLICK!

OWL! YOU'RE
ALMOST TWENTY-
THREE SECONDS
LATE.

HAVE YOU
ALREADY
FORGOTTEN?
EVERYTHING
MUST FOLLOW
THE **STRICTEST**
OF SCHEDULES--
THE MOST **DELI-**
CATE OF PLANS--

YOU WERE FREED FROM
PRISON FOR A **PURPOSE**...
MINE. HOW **CLOSE** ARE YOU
TO **ACHIEVING** OUR GOAL?

QUITE CLOSE
ENOUGH,
MISTER KLINE.



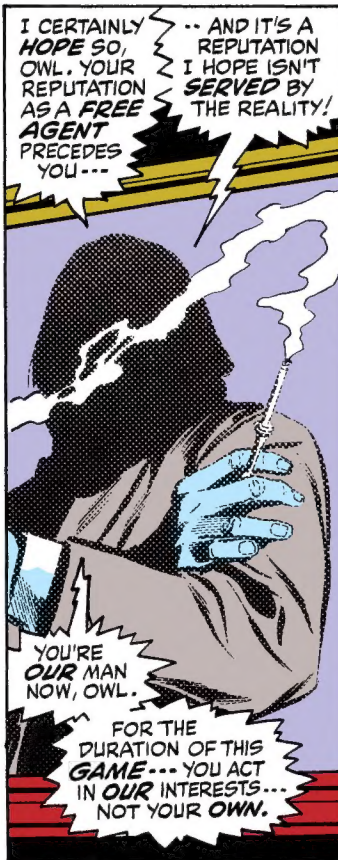
MY FRIEND,
YOUR ATTITUDE IS
DEPLORABLE.

MY-- ORGANIZATION
--- HAS GONE TO GREAT
EXPENSE ON YOUR
ACCOUNT---

AND IN RETURN,
YOU'RE TO BRING
US **DAREDEVIL**.
YOU DO RECALL
THAT, **DON'T**
YOU, OWL?

YES, KLINE. AND
I'VE TOLD YOU---
EVERYTHING
GOES ACCORDING
TO PLAN.

THIS EVENING I **STRIKE**--AND
BEFORE COMES THE **DAWN**---
DAREDEVIL WILL BE **MINE**!



I CERTAINLY
HOPE SO,
OWL. YOUR
REPUTATION
AS A **FREE**
AGENT
PRECEDES
YOU---

-- AND IT'S A
REPUTATION
I **HOPE** ISN'T
SERVED BY
THE REALITY!

YOU'RE
OUR MAN
NOW, OWL.

FOR THE
DURATION OF THIS
GAME--- YOU ACT
IN OUR INTERESTS...
NOT YOUR OWN.



CONSIDER
THIS MAN--
A **STRONG**
MAN-- AN
INDEPENDENT
ONE---

I-- UNDER-
STAND.

-- FOR **NOW**
I'LL PLAY YOUR
PETTY POWER-
GAME, KLINE!

BUT IF YOU KNOW
ANYTHING OF THIS
MIND YOU SEEK TO
ENSLAVE--- **BEWARE**,
MISTER KLINE-- **BEWARE!**

AND, AFTER THE IMAGE OF THE IRATE OWL **FADES** FROM THE SCREEN IN KLINE'S RATHER WELL-HEELED OFFICE, A SUBTLE TRANSFORMATION IN **CHARACTER** OCCURS---

SO IT GOES--- YET **ANOTHER** PIECE FALLS INTO PLACE. THE OWL **STILL** THINKS HIMSELF IN CONTROL--- **STILL** PLANS REBELLION **AGAINST** ME.

...WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I **WANT**. ONLY IF HE FIGHTS **FOR HIMSELF** WILL THE OWL BE OF ANY USE---

AND ONLY BY MAKING HIM **HATE** ME, CAN I INSURE HIS LACK OF **LOYALTY**.

BUT STILL---THESE MAUDLIN MOVES **TIRE** ME. HOW MUCH **LONGER** MUST I BE THE AGENT OF THESE **MANIPULATIONS**?

HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I OBEY THE WILL --- OF THE **MASTER**?

FOR A TIME THEN, THERE IS SILENCE --- A SILENCE THAT SEEMS TO **MINGLE** WITH THE SIFTING GRAY **SMOKE**---

SO THICK---SO WARM--- IN THIS DARKENED ROOM.

--- WELL, MR. BLAIN? IS SHE-- OR **ISN'T** SHE THE GIRL YOU'VE BEEN **LOOKING** FOR?

GIVE KAREN THE PART OF **CYNTHIA WILES**--- AND YOUR FILM WILL **HAVE** TO WIN AN OSCAR.

KEEP **TALKING**, PHIL--- KEEP HIS ATTENTION **OFF** KAREN. DON'T LET HIM SEE-- HOW **UPSET** SHE IS---

DON'T BLOW THE AGENT BIT **NOW**.

I'M **TEMPTED**, MR. HICHOCK--

BUT I'M AFRAID MISS PAGE **ISN'T**. IS SOMETHING **WRONG**, KAREN?

THE PART? YES. YES, I SUPPOSE I **DO**.

I HAVEN'T BEEN-- **LISTENING**---

MATT-- IS IT **REALLY** OVER FOR US? OVER **FOREVER**?

DON'T YOU LIKE THE **PART**?

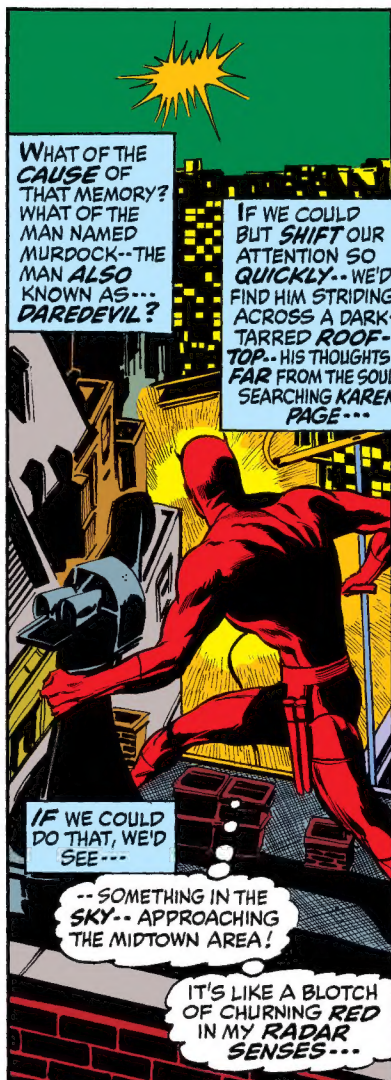
SHE **LOVES** IT, MR. BLAIN.

DON'T YOU, **HONEY**?

KAREN, WHAT **IS** IT? WHAT'S **BUGGING** YOU?

OH--- NOTHING, PHIL.

JUST-- JUST A **MEMORY**.



WHAT OF THE CAUSE OF THAT MEMORY? WHAT OF THE MAN NAMED MURDOCK--THE MAN ALSO KNOWN AS... DAREDEVIL?

IF WE COULD BUT *SHIFT* OUR ATTENTION SO QUICKLY.. WE'D FIND HIM STRIDING ACROSS A DARK-TARRED ROOF-TOP.. HIS THOUGHTS FAR FROM THE SOUL-SEARCHING KAREN PAGE---

IF WE COULD DO THAT, WE'D SEE---

-- SOMETHING IN THE SKY-- APPROACHING THE MIDTOWN AREA!

IT'S LIKE A BLOTCH OF CHURNING RED IN MY RADAR SENSES---



CAREFUL, HERO! -- DON'T GET UPTIGHT.

EVEN A *SIGHTED* MAN WOULD BE ALMOST BLIND IN THIS DARKNESS---

SWIKA
SWIKA

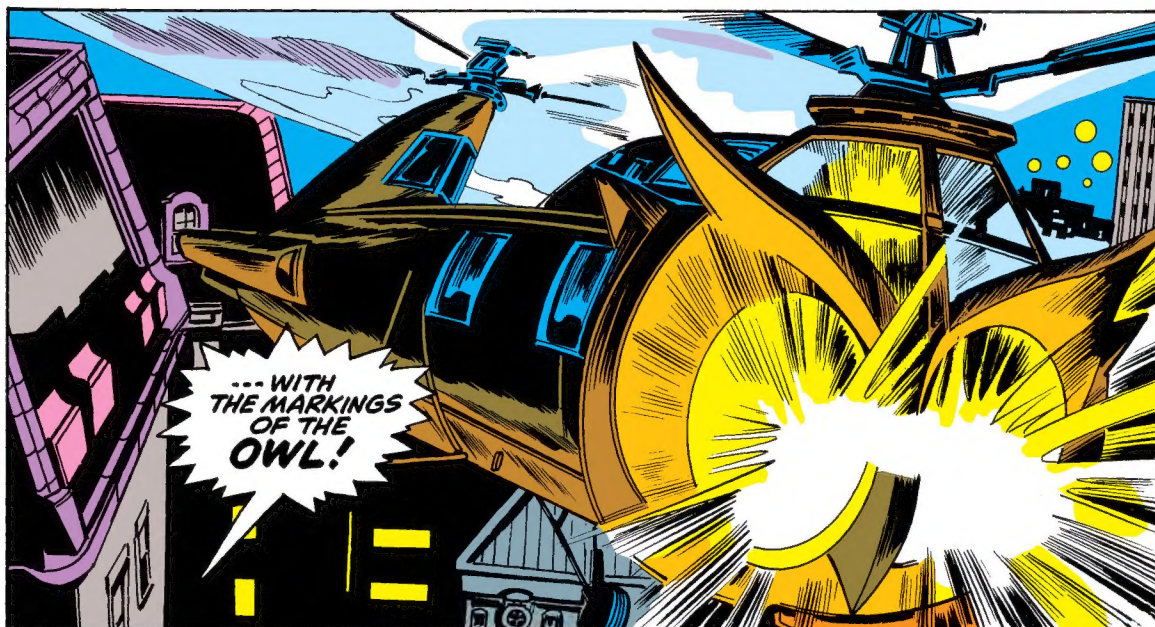
MAYBE ALL HE'D SEE WOULD BE A PAIR OF GLOWING HEADLIGHTS---



-- AND ALL HE'D HEAR--- WOULD BE THE WHIRRING OF CHOPPING BLADES---

AND MAYBE NOW.. MAYBE ONLY NOW.. HE'D BE ABLE TO TELL WHAT *YOU* ALREADY KNOW---

THAT BABY UP THERE'S A HELICOPTER---



... WITH THE MARKINGS OF THE OWL!



IF *ANYTHING* CAN TOP OFF A FAIRLY PERFECT EVENING---

FIGHTING AN OLD **SPARRING-PARTNER** FITS THE **BILL!**

UH-UHH! WATCH YOURSELF, MATTHEW... THERE'S A NOTE OF UNWORTHY **VICIOUSNESS** IN YOUR EVER-LOVIN' **TONE!**

AND IT JUST WOULDN'T **DO** FOR A PUSSYCAT LIKE YOURSELF TO GET EMBROIDERED IN A **GRUDGE-FIGHT.**

THE CONCERNS OF ONE MAN'S *RATIONALIZATION* ARE NOT CONCERNS OF *OURS*--- RATHER, LET'S SWING DOWN TO **STREET LEVEL**-- WHERE SOMETHING A TOUCH MORE *VISUAL* IS ABOUT TO OCCUR--!

WITH A CLATTER OF STRAINING **STEEL**, THE GIANT BIRD **SETTLES** LIKE A FALLING AUTUMN LEAF-- DOORS SLIDE OPEN, AND A HORDE OF COSTUMED MEN POUR FORTH--

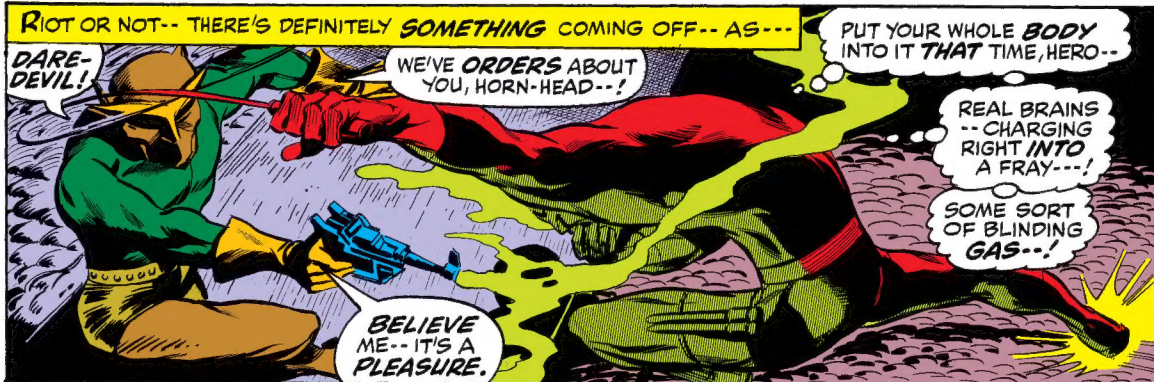
CLEO-- *THIS* IS WHAT YOU CALL "FUN CITY"?

IT'S ENOUGH TO TURN A FELLA **PARANOID!**

MAYBE I SHOULD'VE STAYED IN **CLEVELAND**. FIRST THE **VILLAGE**-- AND NOW *THIS!*

IGNORE THEM, JOHNNY---

IT'S PROBABLY JUST ANOTHER **RIOT!**



DARE-DEVIL!

WE'VE **ORDERS** ABOUT YOU, **HORN-HEAD**--!

PUT YOUR WHOLE **BODY** INTO IT *THAT* TIME, HERO--

REAL BRAINS -- CHARGING RIGHT *INTO* A FRAY--!

SOME SORT OF BLINDING **GAS**--!

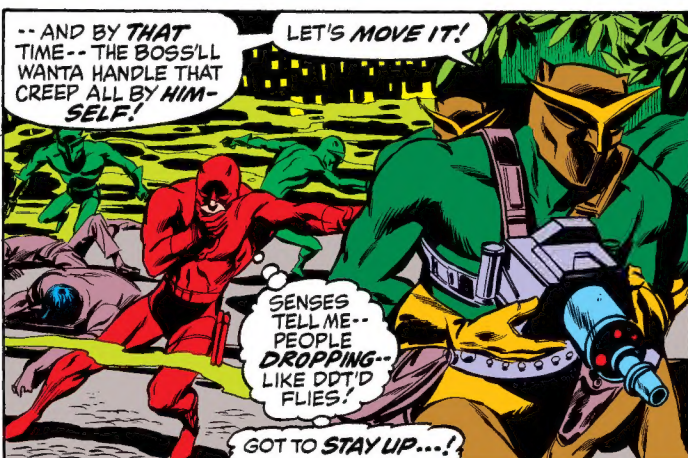
BELIEVE ME-- IT'S A PLEASURE.



FORGET HIM FOR *NOW*, CLIFF---

WE'VE STILL GOT **WORK** TO DO!

RIGHT. THAT GAS'LL HOLD HIM FOR AT **LEAST** AN HOUR!



-- AND BY *THAT* TIME-- THE BOSS'LL WANTA HANDLE THAT CREEP ALL BY *HIMSELF!*

LET'S MOVE IT!

SENSES TELL ME-- PEOPLE **DROPPING**-- LIKE DDT'D FLIES!

GOT TO STAY UP...!

BUT SOMETIMES THE *WISH* ISN'T FOLLOWED BY THE *ACT*-- AND, SO, OUR STALWART HERO FINDS HIMSELF *STRUGGLING*-- AGAINST EYE-STINGING *FUMES*--

STEADY, LAWMAN--- THIS STUFF CAN'T REALLY *BLIND* YOU---

BUT IT SURE WON'T DO YOUR *SINUSES* A WHOLE LOT OF JOY IF YOU LET IT *IN*--!

FEEL A WIND-- FROM THE *EAST*-- HOLD THAT BREATHING JUST A MOMENT *LONGER*!

DONE. THE BREEZE IS DRAWING THE GAS AWAY.

TIME, NOW, FOR THE *OWL*.

DICKIE, DID YOU *SEE* THAT? DD WASN'T EVEN *FAZED*.

SEE WHAT, HONEY? I CAN'T SEE PAST *INCH ONE*.

HOW CAN YOU BLIND A *BLIND* MAN? NO WAY, *OWL*-- BUT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT, WOULD YOU?

YOU'RE OBVIOUS TO ALL BUT THE SCENE ON YOUR *TV SCREEN*--!

NUMBER 32--- KEEP THAT CAMERA *PANNING*, FOOL!

SMOOTHLY, *SMOOTHLY*-- ALL FALLS NEATLY INTO *PLACE*. WHEN THIS MISSION IS OVER---

DAREDEVIL WILL BE *MINE*!

"MISSION?" BUT YOU'RE ON *ASSIGNMENT*, *OWL*-- NOT *FREE-LANCE*--- TELL US--

JUST *HOW* DOES THE LOOTING OF A MIDTOWN DEPARTMENT STORE FIT INTO THE OVERPLAN OF A MAN CALLED *KLINE*?

IMAGINE, HARTFORD-- A FLOOR FASHION SHOW HELD WITHOUT OUR *CONSENT*--!

FRANKLY, SILVIA-- I DON'T *THINK*--

RIGHT, FRIEND --YOU DON'T *THINK*.

THAT WAY YOU ONLY SLEEP AN *HOURL*--

--- INSTEAD A *FOREVER*.

KKKSSHH!

NUMBER 32--- TO THE *OWL*--- CATCHING ALL THIS, BOSS?

IT'S LIKE HARVESTIN' A FIELD OF *WHEAT*--

JUST CUTTIN' 'EM *DOWN*.

IS IT *REALLY*, NUMBER 32? ISN'T THIS A HARVEST OF DRUGGED *VICTIMS*? A *HUMAN HARVEST*?

ISN'T EACH FALLING *HUSK*... THE SHELL OF A *PERSON*?

A PERSON VALUABLE FOR HIS *OWN* SAKE-- A PERSON WHOSE LIFE IS SUPPOSEDLY *SACRED*?

IS IT? ARE THEY? IN A WORLD AS *CONFUSED* AS THIS TIME-WORN *GLOBE*, ARE *ANY* VALUES LEFT *OBJECTIVE*? IS LIFE AS EASILY *STOLEN* AS A HANDFUL OF GLIT-TERING *JEWELS*?

SHUT UP, 32-- DON'T TALK, MOUTH--

GAS 'EM. IN HALF AN HOUR, THEY'LL BE LIKE *NEW*--

AND WE'LL BE A HALF-M *RICHER*.

FOR QUESTIONS LIKE THOSE POSED ABOVE THERE ARE NO DOGMATIC *ANSWERS*.

THERE ARE ONLY THE ANSWERS *EACH* OF US FINDS WITHIN HIMSELF-- ANSWERS, SUCH AS THE ONE FOUND BY A MAN NAMED---

DAREDEVIL!

IF ANY CLOWN'S GONNA SHOW THOSE GOONS WHAT-FOR---

THAT'S THE GENT WHAT'LL DO IT.

GIT 'EM, DD!

FACE *BURNING* AS THOUGH MY SKIN WERE SPLASHED WITH *ACID*.

CUT IT, HERO. JUST *MOVE*.

PERHAPS *BATTLE* ISN'T THE ANSWER. PERHAPS IT ONLY *ADDS* TO THE ANGUISH INSTEAD OF *LESSENING* IT.

PERHAPS. BUT IT'S *SOMETHING*. AND YOU HAVE TO DO-- *SOME-THING*--!

CONFUSION--- EVERYWHERE,
CHAOS AND DISORDER---
EVERYWHERE, *INSANITY* SO
BLATANT, EVEN THE SANE ARE
MAD---

WHAT
CAN ONE
MAN DO---
BUT *ACT?*
TO STRIKE,
AND FIGHT--
TO *STRUGGLE*
FOR WHAT HE
BELIEVES!

WHAT
CAN HE
DO?

HE DOES WHAT HE HAS TO--

--HE FIGHTS!

SORRY
ABOUT THAT,
HANDSOME---

I'LL BET IT
JUST *RUINED*
YOUR LAST
DENTAL
JOB!

SAY-- HAVEN'T
YOU FELLOWS
HEARD ABOUT
RUSH HOUR
TRAFFIC?

IF YOU SPLIT
NOW-- YOU *MAY*
JUST MISS THE
EVENING
CRUSH.

NO
TAKERS?

GEE, GANG
-- THAT'S
CERTAINLY
SOMETHING
OF A *DIS-*
APPOINT-
MENT.

I COULD
ALMOST---
CRY.

IT'S THAT
BLASTED
DARED--
URRRK!

NOW *THAT'S* AN ORIGINAL LINE.
WHO DOES YOUR *DIALOGUE*--?

JANE AUSTIN?

OOOPS. HOPE I
HAVEN'T INSULTED
ANYONE'S LITERARY
TASTES.

NOPE--I
DIDN'T
THINK
SO.

B-BOSS
--A-ARE
YOU
CATCH-
ING ALL
THIS?

NOW I MAY SEEM
A BIT *WINDED*,
FELLA---

BUT, PLEASE---
DON'T LET THAT
KEEP YOU FROM
PUTTING UP A
FIGHT---

-- YOUR NOT
WANTING TO
TAKE *ADVANTAGE*
AND ALL---
BLAST!

I ASKED
YOU NOT TO
DO THAT.

THINK!

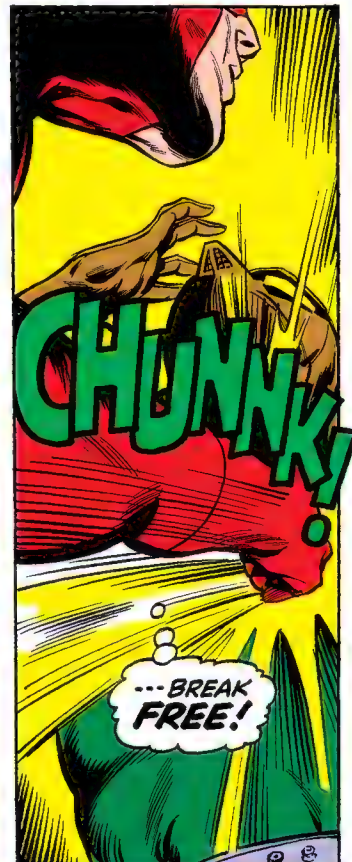
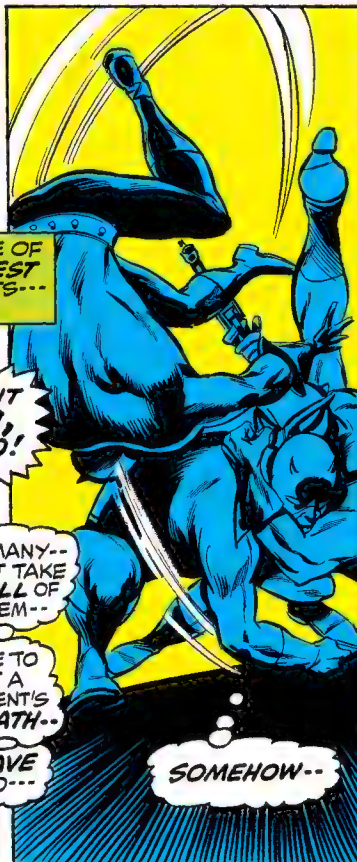
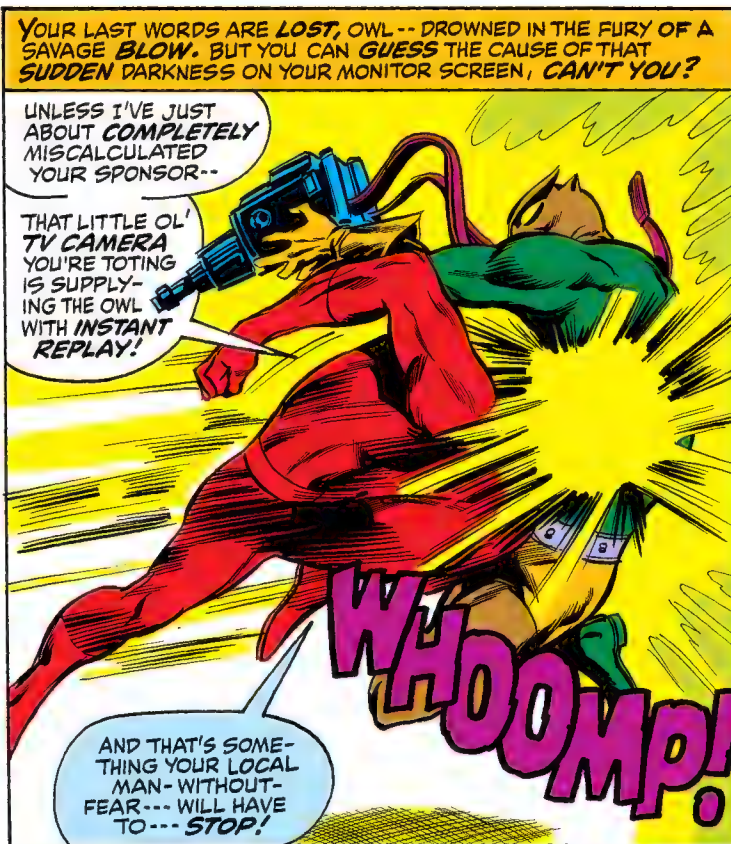
=UNNNH!-

OW-- OWL
--I KINDA
TH-THINK
WE'RE IN A
BIT OF
TROUBLE.

OW-
OWL?

QUIET,
BLITHERING
BUMBLER!

I'M MORE
THAN *AWARE* OF
THE SITUATION--
NO THANKS TO
YOU.



EVEN IN THOSE MOVEMENTS WHICH SEEM SO **SIMPLE**, SO UNCLUTTERED WITH **COMPLEXITY**... WHEN GOOD BATTLES EVIL ON THE MOST **OBTUS** OF TERMS...

EVEN IN **THESE**-- THE **QUESTIONS** MUST BE ASKED--THE **QUESTIONS** THAT DETERMINE THE **HIGHER** MORAL MOTIVE---

AND IN **THIS CASE**--- WHO CAN SAY WHAT TRUE MOTIVE MOVES **MATT MURDOCK**?

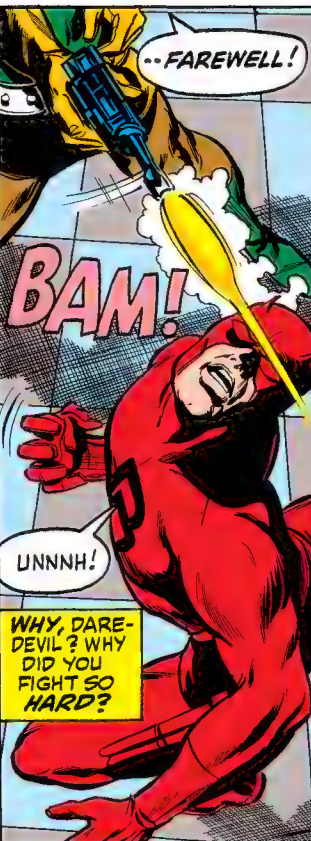
SPREAD OUT!

CATCH THEM IN A **CROSS-FIRE**---

MOVE, YOU ROCK-FOOTED **ROOKIES**.

FRIENDS, IT'S TIME FOR US TO **LEAVE**--

AND BID OUR SPARRING PARTNER---



UNNNH!

WHY, DAREDEVIL? WHY DID YOU FIGHT SO **HARD**?

WHY DID YOU STRIKE SO **VICIOUSLY**? THINK, HERO--- THINK, BEFORE THE **STEALTHILY-SWARMING SHADOW** CONSUMES YOU.

DID YOU FIGHT--- OUT OF **ALTRUISM**? OR--BECAUSE OF SOME **LESS NOBLE** REASON?

DID YOU BATTLE-- OUT OF SOME **MOMENTARY EXHILARATION**---

OR-- BECAUSE OF **PAIN**-- A PAIN NOW **BURIED** IN YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS--- THE PAIN OF **KAREN'S** SEEMING **REJECTION**?

ANSWER, HERO-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, AND YOU NEVER CEASE TO **WONDER**. ANSWER---

-- ANSWER, BEFORE-- IT'S TOO-- **LATE**.

BACK OFF, **BLUESHIRTS**.

THOSE OTHER GUNS HELD **GAS**-- THESE BABIES AREN'T SO **POLITE**.

HEY, FRITZ-- YOU **FREE**?

IT'S **ALL CLEAR**, 33.

MAKE **TRACKS**!

BAM

A PITY, **MATT MURDOCK**. THE TIME FOR QUESTIONING HAS **PASSED**. NOW YOU MAY **NEVER KNOW**--- OR EVEN KNOW TO **ASK**.

WELL, MASKED MAN? SURE YOU DON'T WANT THAT **DOCTOR**?

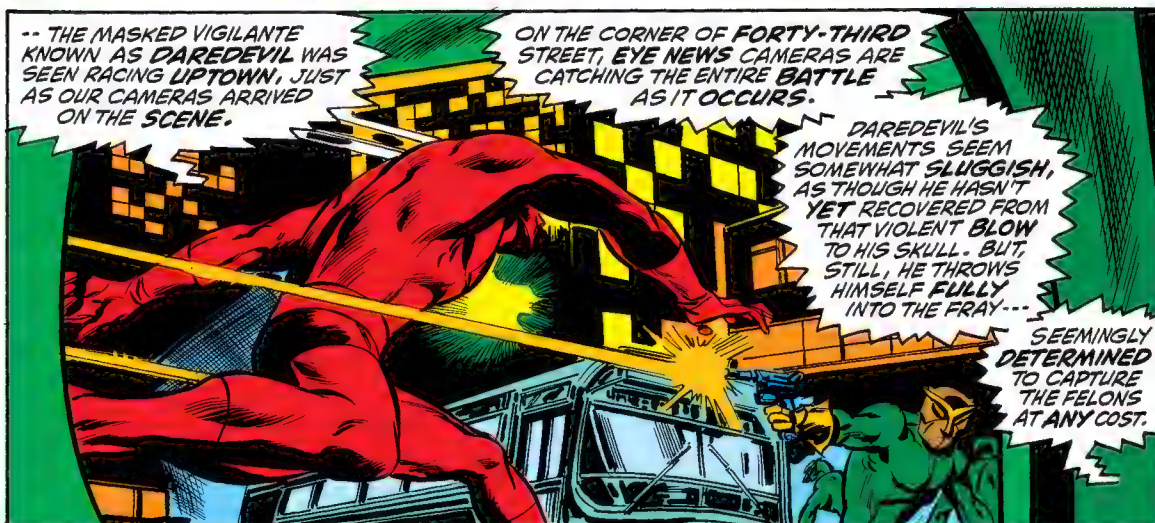
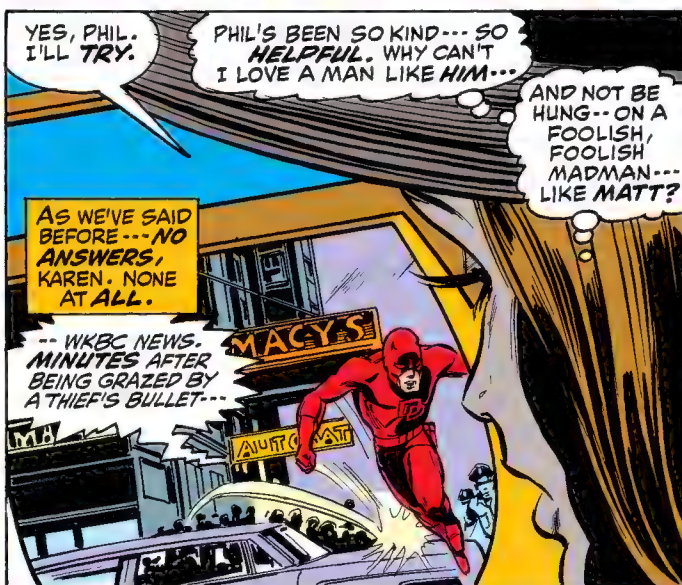
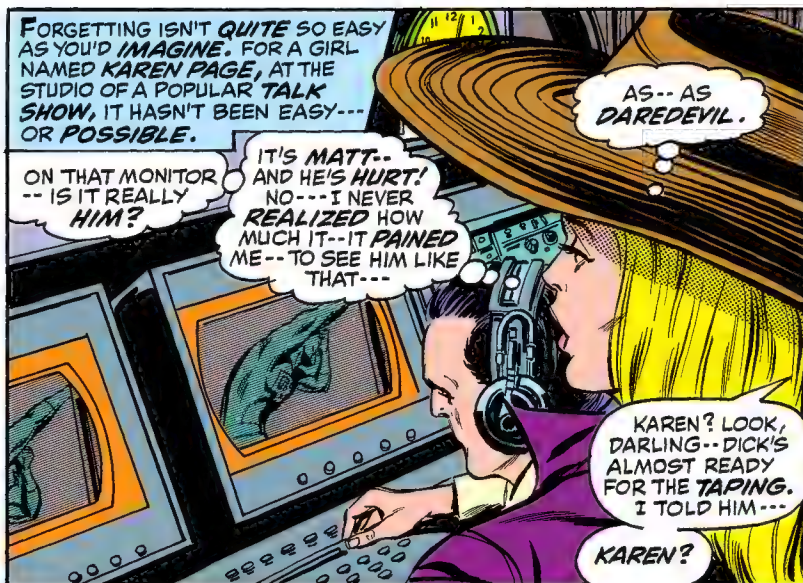
THAT BULLET WASN'T MADE OF **MOIST SUGAR**--

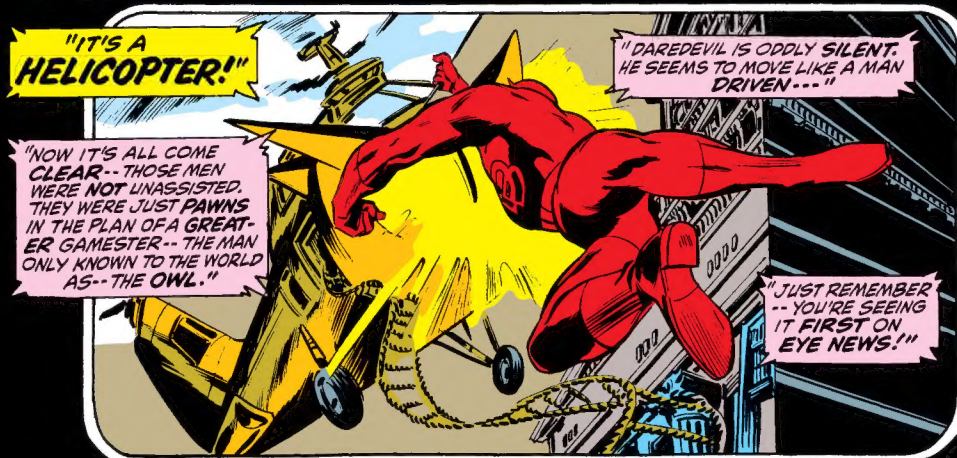
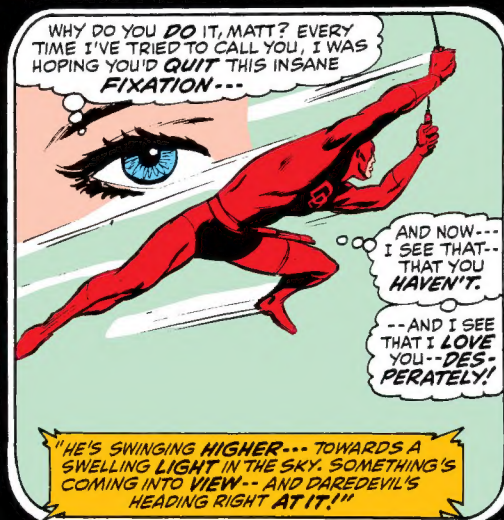
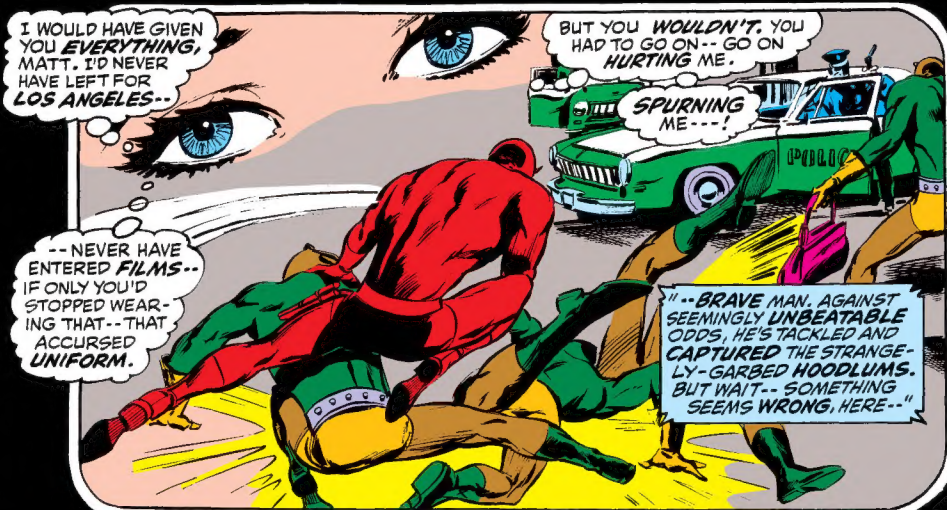
FORGET IT, OFFICER. I'M JUST-- A LITTLE **DIZZY**.

LUCKY IT ONLY **GRAZED** MY SKULL--- **RIPPED** A LINE IN MY **MASK**.

BUT-- THERE WAS SOMETHING **ELSE**. SOMETHING THAT WAS **BOTHERING** ME--AND NOW--- IS **GONE**.

NO MATTER, MATTHEW. AS YOU SAID, "**FORGET IT**."





IN EACH LIFE, MOMENTS OF **HAPPINESS** ARE TRADED FOR ONES OF **SORROW**--- OR SO IT **SEEMS**, WHEN THE MAN YOU THINK YOU **LOVE**--- LOOKS DESTINED TO **DIE**!

CONSIDER THE **DEPTH** OF ONE GIRL'S PAIN---

CONSIDER ITS FORM AND **SIZE**, HOW IT **PIERCES** THOSE CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED **BARRIERS**--

BARRIERS WE EACH BUILD-- TO PROTECT OUR **HEARTS**.

AND IF THERE **IS** NO TRADE-- THEN **EXPLAIN** THIS SCENE. GIVE IT **REASON**. GIVE IT--- **CAUSE**.

SO. IT APPEARS **KLINE** WILL HAVE HIS WAY, AFTER ALL.

I'D HOPED TO SALVAGE BUT A SMALL **PART** OF THIS VENTURE'S **EXPENSE**---

YET DAREDEVIL HAS **UPSET** THAT HOPE--

-- AND **MUST BE UPSET**... IN **TURN**!

SO MUCH FOR THE **UBIQUITOUS SURPRISE** ROUTE.

OBTAINING OWL HAS MORE **MONITORS** THAN I'D IMAGINED.

NOW, NOW **GOLDLOCKS**--- THAT'S **HARDLY** WHAT I'D CALL A **WELCOMING COMMITTEE**!

AHH-- GUESS YOU'RE NOT IN A **JOKING MOOD**, HMM?

THE **OWL** NEVER JOKES, MY FRIEND. --- **ESPECIALLY** ABOUT MATTERS AS **SOMBER**... AS **DEATH**!

YOUR SOMEWHAT PRECIPITOUS **ARRIVAL** BELOW MAY **APALL** MY SUPPORTER, BUT---

--EH?

CUT THE **SARCASTICALLY SAGACIOUS** COMMENTS, MATTHEW---

WHEN IN **TROUBLE** --- **MOVE**!

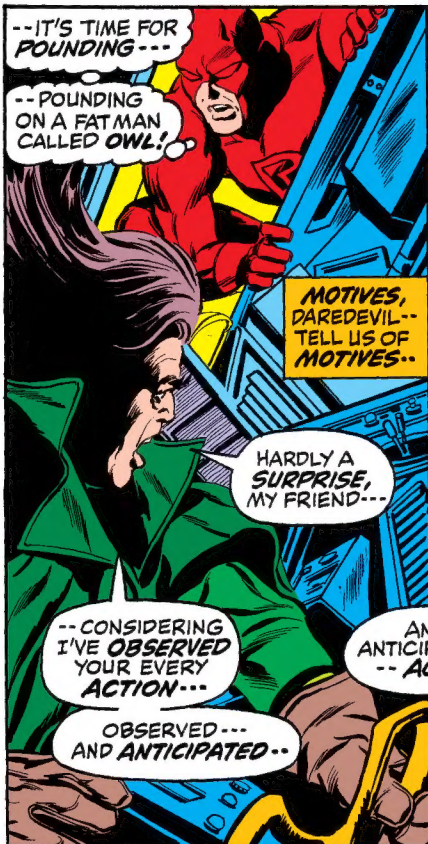
DON'T **THINK**, MATTHEW--- TWIST, AND SWING-- SHIFT YOUR **BALANCE**---

WHATEVER YOU DO--- **SURVIVE**, BLAST IT! **SURVIVE**!

ALL THOSE **AERIAL ACROBATICS**-- MUST HAVE DONE **WONDERS** TO THE **OWL'S GUIDANCE SYSTEM**.

THIS BIRD'S MAKING LIKE AN **UN-BOUND FLOAT** AT THE **EASTER DAY PARADE**.

WRONG, MATTHEW. NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR **HUMOR**--



--IT'S TIME FOR POUNDING--

--POUNDING ON A FAT MAN CALLED OWL!

MOTIVES, DAREDEVIL-- TELL US OF MOTIVES--

HARDLY A SURPRISE, MY FRIEND--

--CONSIDERING I'VE OBSERVED YOUR EVERY ACTION--

OBSERVED-- AND ANTICIPATED--

AND ANTICIPATING -- ACT!



CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD -- WINDPIPE -- CAN'T BREATHE.

ISN'T THERE A TOUCH OF THE ANGERED INSURGENT IN YOUR FIGHTING THIS DAY, DAREDEVIL?



A TOUCH, PERHAPS, OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MADMAN?

URKK!

MY JAW-- HE'S NOT-- NOT PULLING HIS PUNCH--

HE'S FIGHTING!

WHY, DD? SOMETHING IN YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS? SOMETHING YOU HID ALL DAY?



SOME PAIN? THE PAIN-- OF ACHING LOSS? THE PAIN-- OF LOSING KAREN?

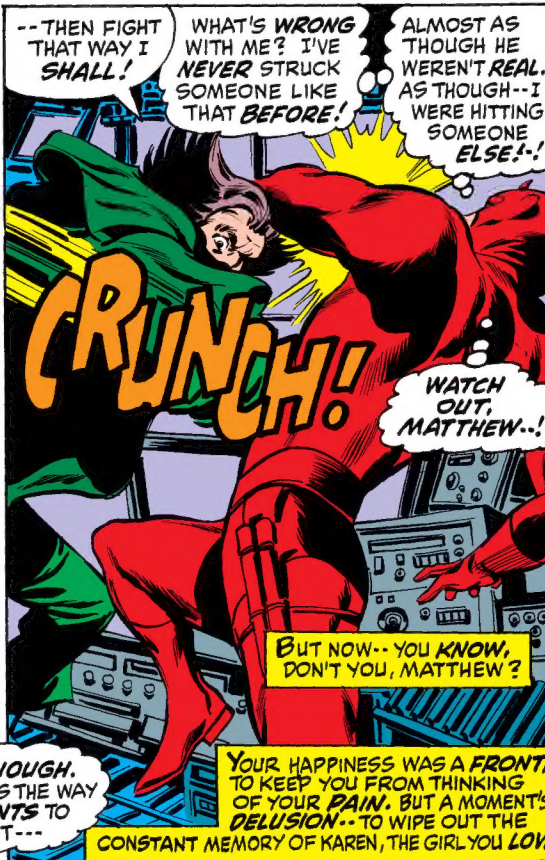
DON'T YOU SEE, HERO? SEE WHOM YOU'VE BEEN BATTLING?

YOUR EUPHORIA --YOUR JOY IN LIVING-- ALL A SHOW! ALL A SELF-DELUDING SHOW!

IT'S-- IT'S NOT HAPPENING.

THIS CAN'T-- CAN'T BE THE REAL-- UNNH!

WELL ENOUGH. IF THAT IS THE WAY HE WANTS TO FIGHT--



-- THEN FIGHT THAT WAY I SHALL!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I'VE NEVER STRUCK SOMEONE LIKE THAT BEFORE!

ALMOST AS THOUGH HE WEREN'T REAL. AS THOUGH-- I WERE HITTING SOMEONE ELSE!-

CRUNCH!

WATCH OUT, MATTHEW..!

BUT NOW-- YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU, MATTHEW?

YOUR HAPPINESS WAS A FRONT, TO KEEP YOU FROM THINKING OF YOUR PAIN. BUT A MOMENT'S DELUSION-- TO WIPE OUT THE CONSTANT MEMORY OF KAREN, THE GIRL YOU LOVE.



KAREN --THE GIRL YOU WISH YOU HAD.

ENOUGH!

I'LL DEMEAN MYSELF BY COMMON BATTLE--NO LONGER.

YOUR END, FOOL! YOUR END!



A MOMENT'S VERTIGO, AND THEN--

SO IT ENDS,
FOOL -- AS EVER
IT MUST.

THE COPTER'S
CONTROLS ARE
JAMMED---

AND YOU---
TRAPPED!

FALLING--!



AYE, DAREDEVIL--
FALLING-- AND
AT AN EVER-
INCREASING
RATE.

YOUR
FATE AND
THIS BIRD'S
ARE IRREVOCABLY
BOUND---

WHILE I---
THROUGH MY
OWN SPECIAL
ABILITIES---
TAKE FREE-
DOM IN
FLIGHT.

IT WON'T--
IT CAN'T
WORK, OWL--!

WON'T?
CAN'T?



FRIEND, THROUGH
NEITHER OF OUR
AGENCIES---

IT HAS!
IT HAS!

-- WKBC NEWS
-- ON THE SPOT,
ON THE MOVE.

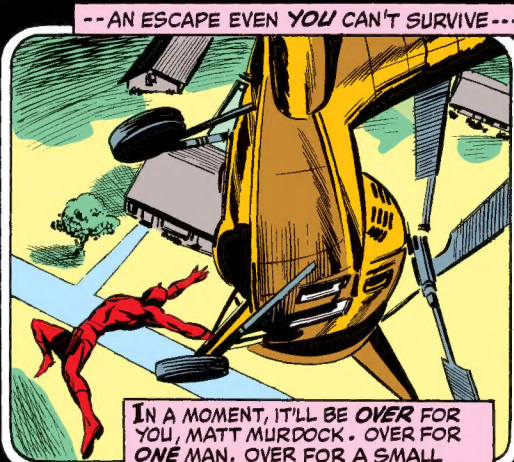
IT LOOKS BAD
FOR THE MAN IN
RED, GARY---
REAL BAD!



ALL DAY-- YOU'VE BEEN ESCAPING,
DAREDEVIL. FIRST INTO A FALSE JOY---
AND THEN INTO BATTLE.

ESCAPING
-- FROM A
VISION OF
A LOVE
THAT IS NO
MORE---

AND NOW YOU'RE MAKING
THE FINAL ESCAPE---

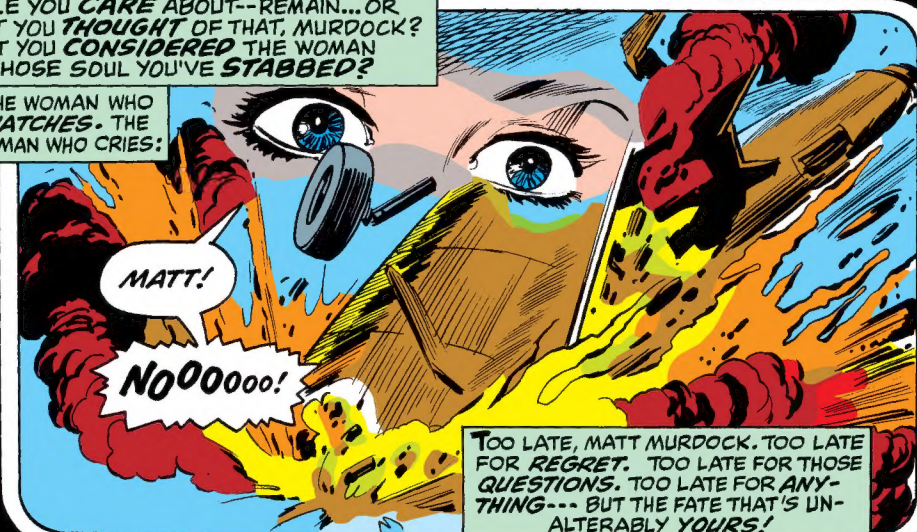


-- AN ESCAPE EVEN YOU CAN'T SURVIVE --

IN A MOMENT, IT'LL BE OVER FOR
YOU, MATT MURDOCK. OVER FOR
ONE MAN. OVER FOR A SMALL
PART OF THIS GREATER TRAGEDY--

YET-- WHEN YOU END-- THE WORLD, AND THE
PEOPLE YOU CARE ABOUT-- REMAIN... OR
HADN'T YOU THOUGHT OF THAT, MURDOCK?
HADN'T YOU CONSIDERED THE WOMAN
WHOSE SOUL YOU'VE STABBED?

THE WOMAN WHO
WATCHES. THE
WOMAN WHO CRIES:



MATT!

NOOOOOO!

TOO LATE, MATT MURDOCK. TOO LATE
FOR REGRET. TOO LATE FOR THOSE
QUESTIONS. TOO LATE FOR ANY-
THING--- BUT THE FATE THAT'S UN-
ALTERABLY YOURS!

The--END?